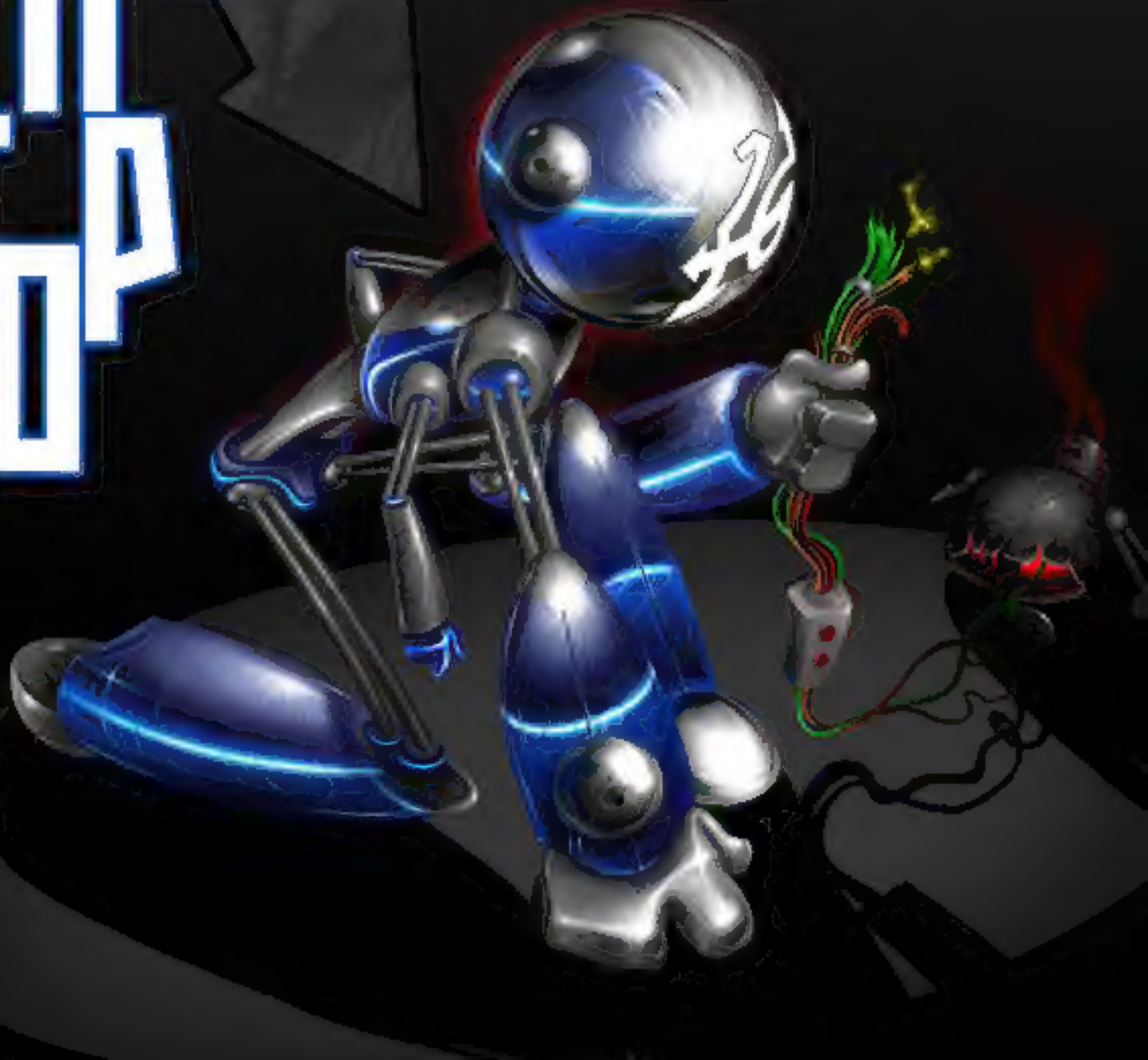
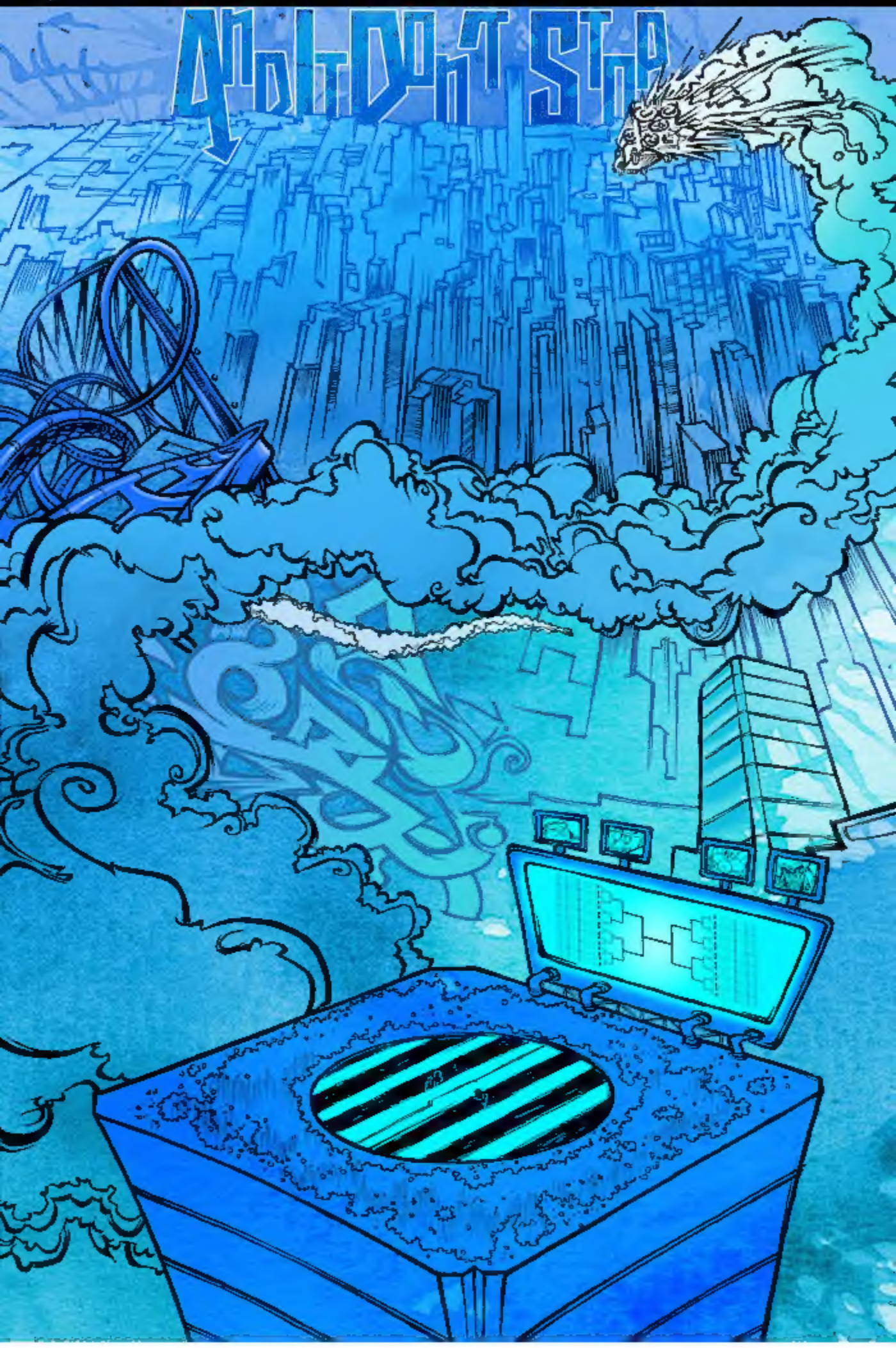
AND IT DON'T STOP

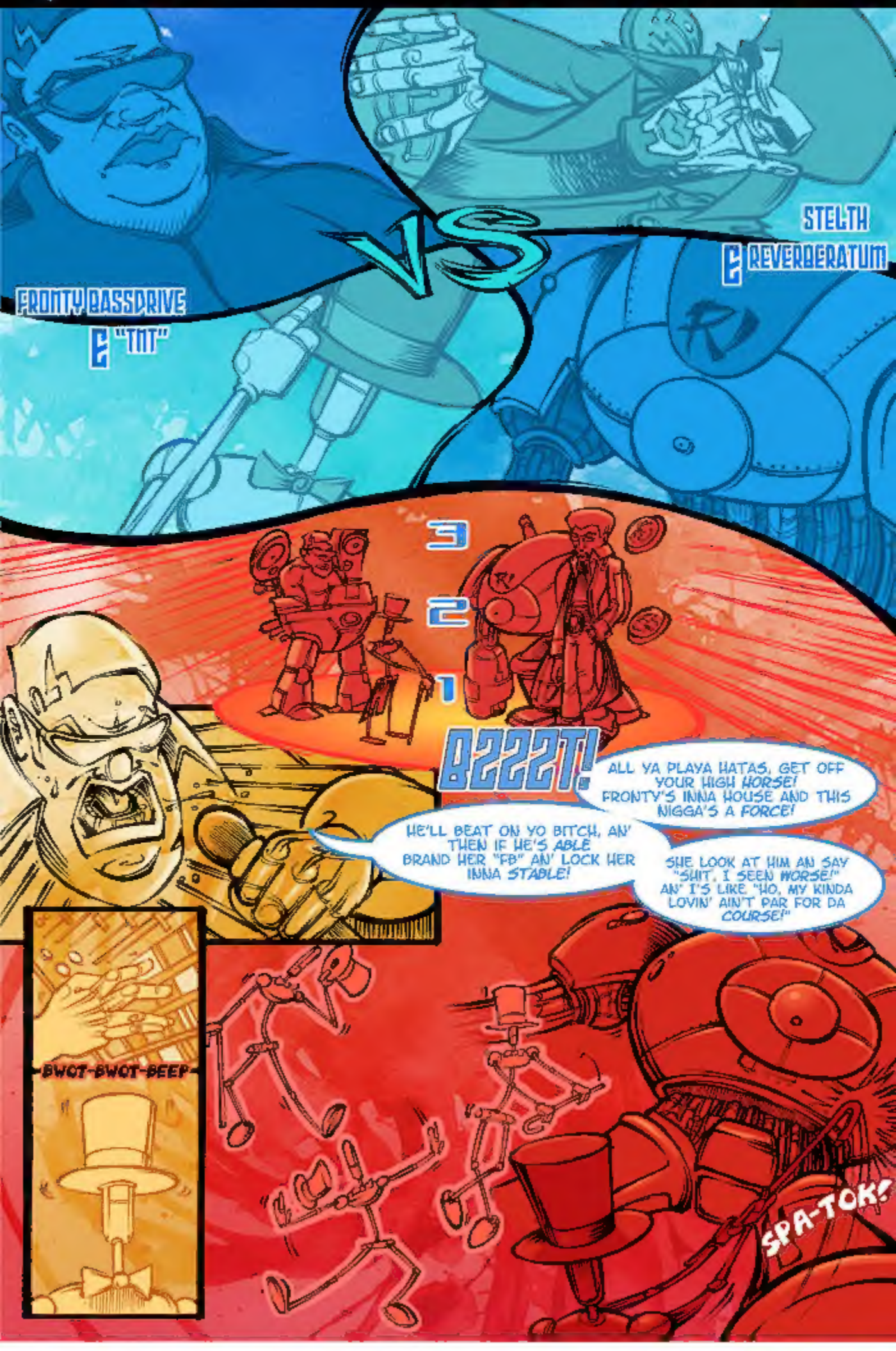
WRITING & ART BY:
ANDREW HUSSIE

CO-CREATED BY:
TAUHID BONDIA

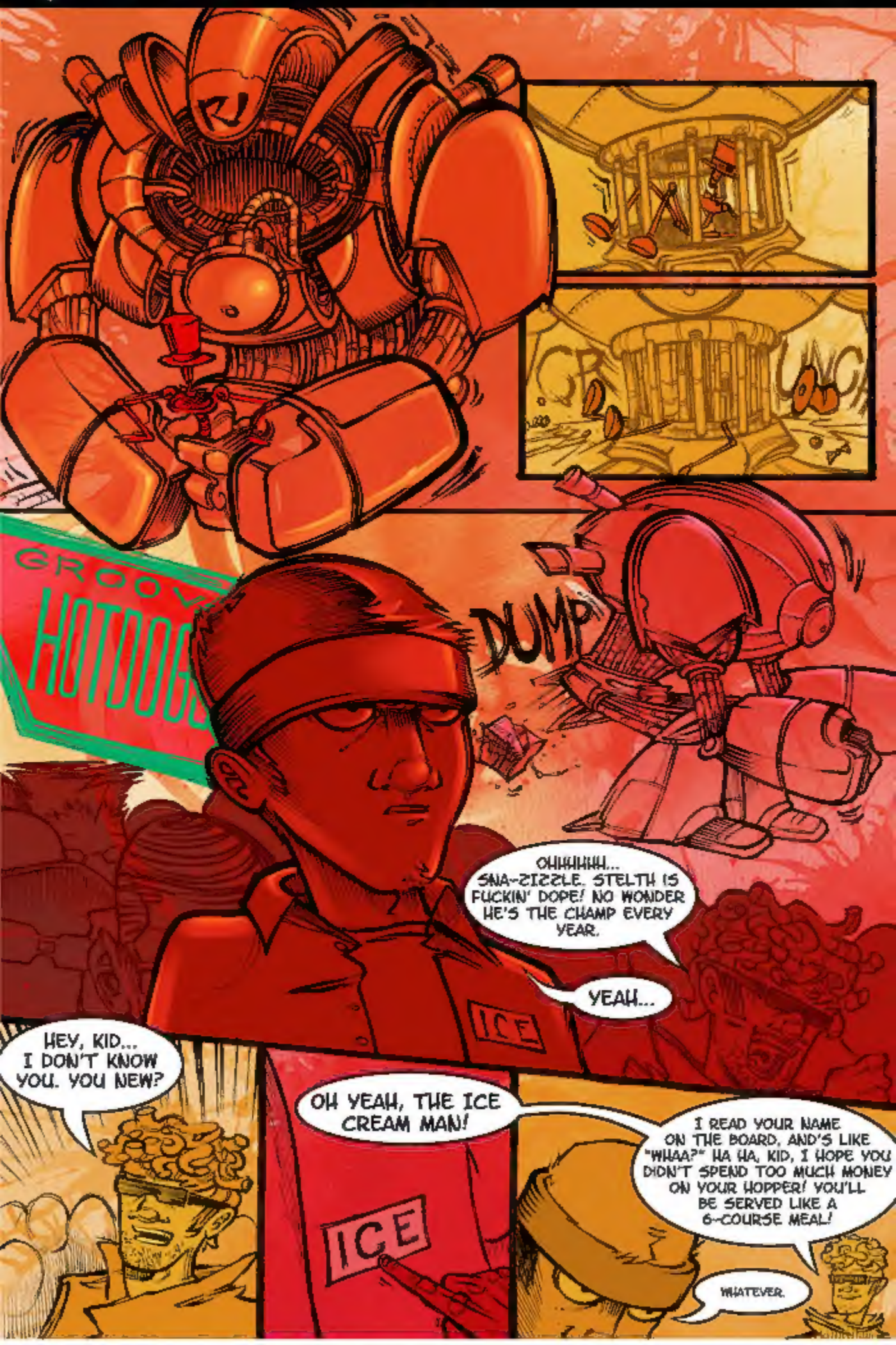


CRASH!!
YOU TAKIN' OUT THE FUCKIN' TRASH?
UH, NO, MA.
NO PROBLEM, I'LL GET THE FUCKIN' BUTLER TO DO IT AFTER HE'S FINISHED POLISHING MY TIARAS! WHEN YOU GET BACK, THE TRASH'LL BE UNDER YOUR BED SHEETS, JUNIOR! WHY DON'T YOU BRING ME BACK A DOUBLE SCOOP OF FUCKIN' RESPECT!
LAST THING YOU NEED IS A SCOOP OF ANYTHING, YOU COW.
SLAM
NICE CREAM
ICE-MAN


AND IT DON'T STOP

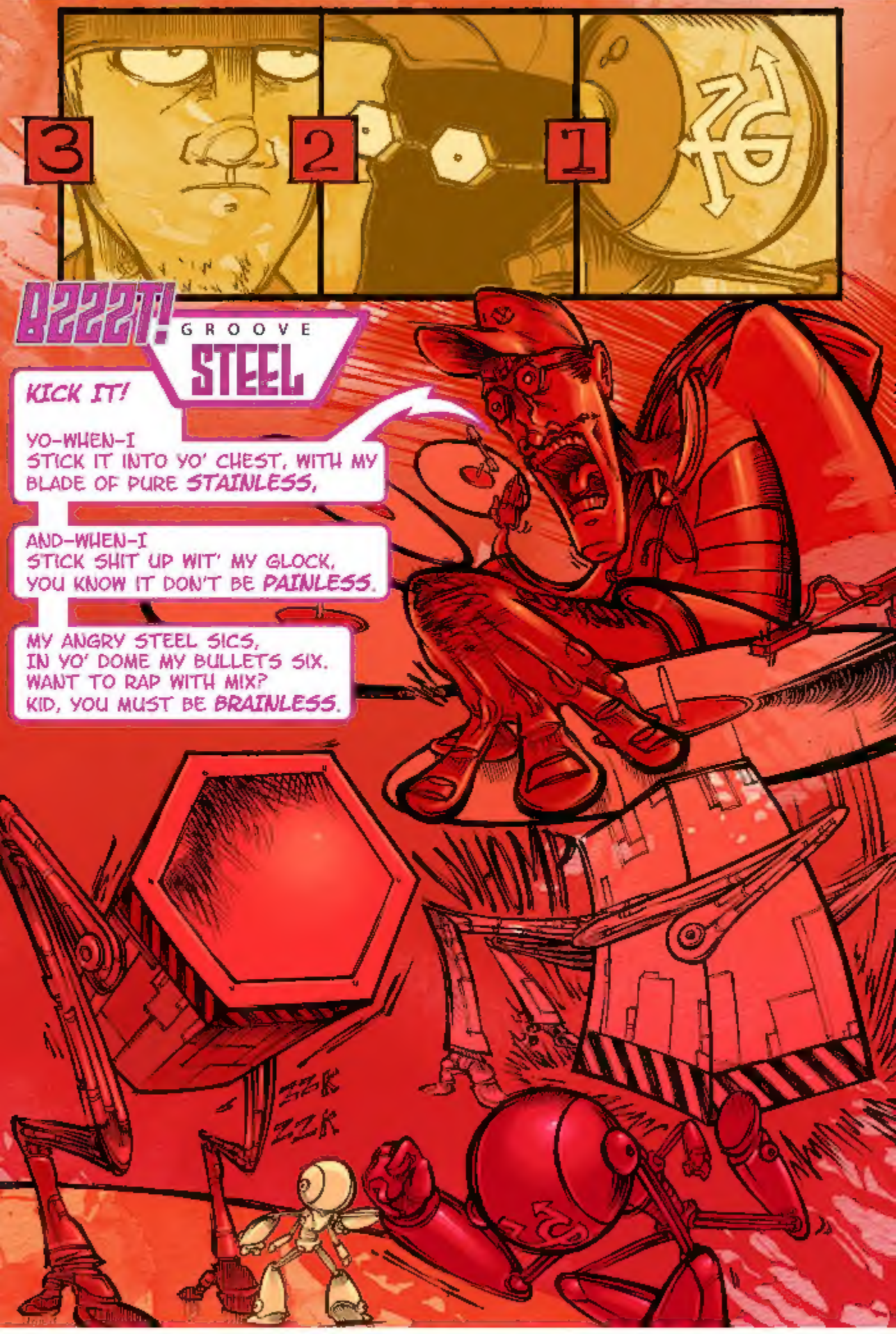

FRONTY BASSDRIVE
"TNT"
VS
STELTH
REVERBERATUM
3
2
1
BZZZT!
ALL YA PLAYA HATAS, GET OFF YOUR HIGH HORSE! FRONTY'S INNA HOUSE AND THIS NIGGA'S A FORCE!
HE'LL BEAT ON YO BITCH, AN' THEN IF HE'S ABLE BRAND HER "FB" AN' LOCK HER INNA STABLE!
SHE LOOK AT HIM AN SAY "SHIT, I SEEN WORSE!" AN' I'S LIKE "HO, MY KINDA LOVIN' AIN'T PAR FOR DA COURSE!"
BWOT-BWOT-BEEP
SPA-TOK!

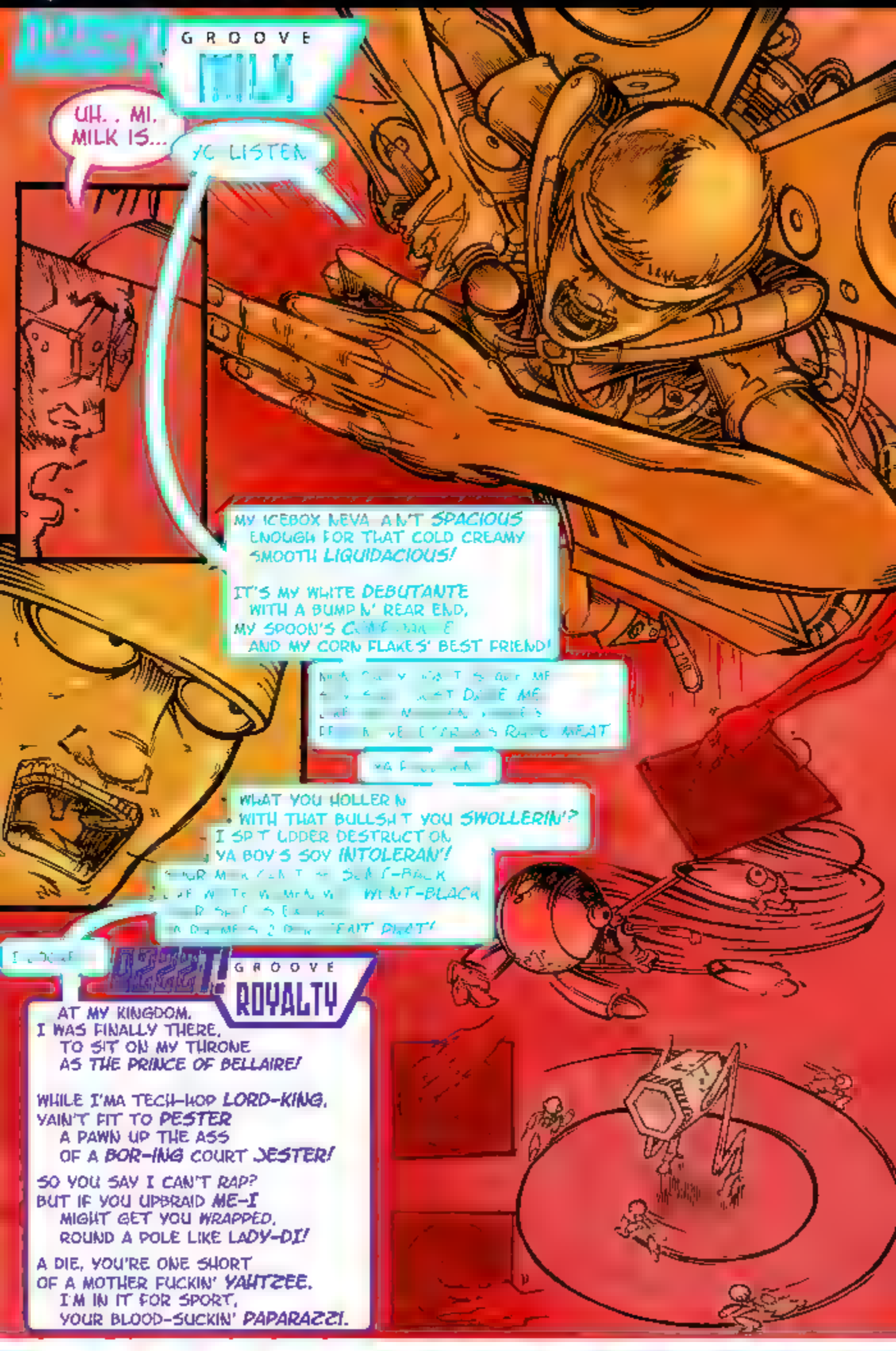
KEEP HER, SEE, FATASS VAMP'S OVA' FED! STELTH GOES OUT TO STUD LIKE A CHAMP THOROUGHBRED!
ANY BITCH SEES ME, SHE STARTS FEELIN' HER OATS, DON'T AXE WHAT PLEASE ME, WHATEV BOAT YOUR FLOATS!
FLIES UNZIPPED, THREADS GOT RIPPED, IT GOT RACY, YO! TOO HOT TO TROT, SHE TRIPPED AND FELL-ATIO!
DAMN! ER...
SO YOU SAY YOU'RE A STALLION? YO, PROVE IT! WHERE YO' BLING AND MEDALLION? WHAT, LOSE IT? YO' BITCH SO EAGER TO GO DOWN SOUTH, TOO BAD SHE AIN'T TELL YA SHE GOTS HOOF AND MOUTH! THIS DAWG AND PONY...
BZZZT!
UH... UH... OH SNAP...
UH... MY... UH... MY FLOW'S LIKE A BIG JUICY WIENER... BETWEEN TWO BUNS, HAVE YOU SEEN HER? ... HER BUNS I MEAN. UH... (SHIT!) PUT KETCHUP AND MUSTARD ON IT. BEST WHEN SERVED HOT LIKE 'EM SO MUCH... I... LIKE 'EM A LOT.
GROAN
WTF?
STELTH DON'T DO DIS SHIT BY THE BOOK! HE GOT A DIME-INCHES UNIT THAT PLUMPS WHEN YOU COOK!
YOU THINK THAT I'M PLAYIN', YOU THINK THAT I'M CALLOUS, CAUSE I'M TJIN'** WITH AN EDIBLE PHALLUS?
WANNA HEAR LIES, THEN GO AXE A LIAR! THIS NIGGA IS PACKIN' VAST OXSAR MAYER!
**TJIN' = TECH JOCKEYING

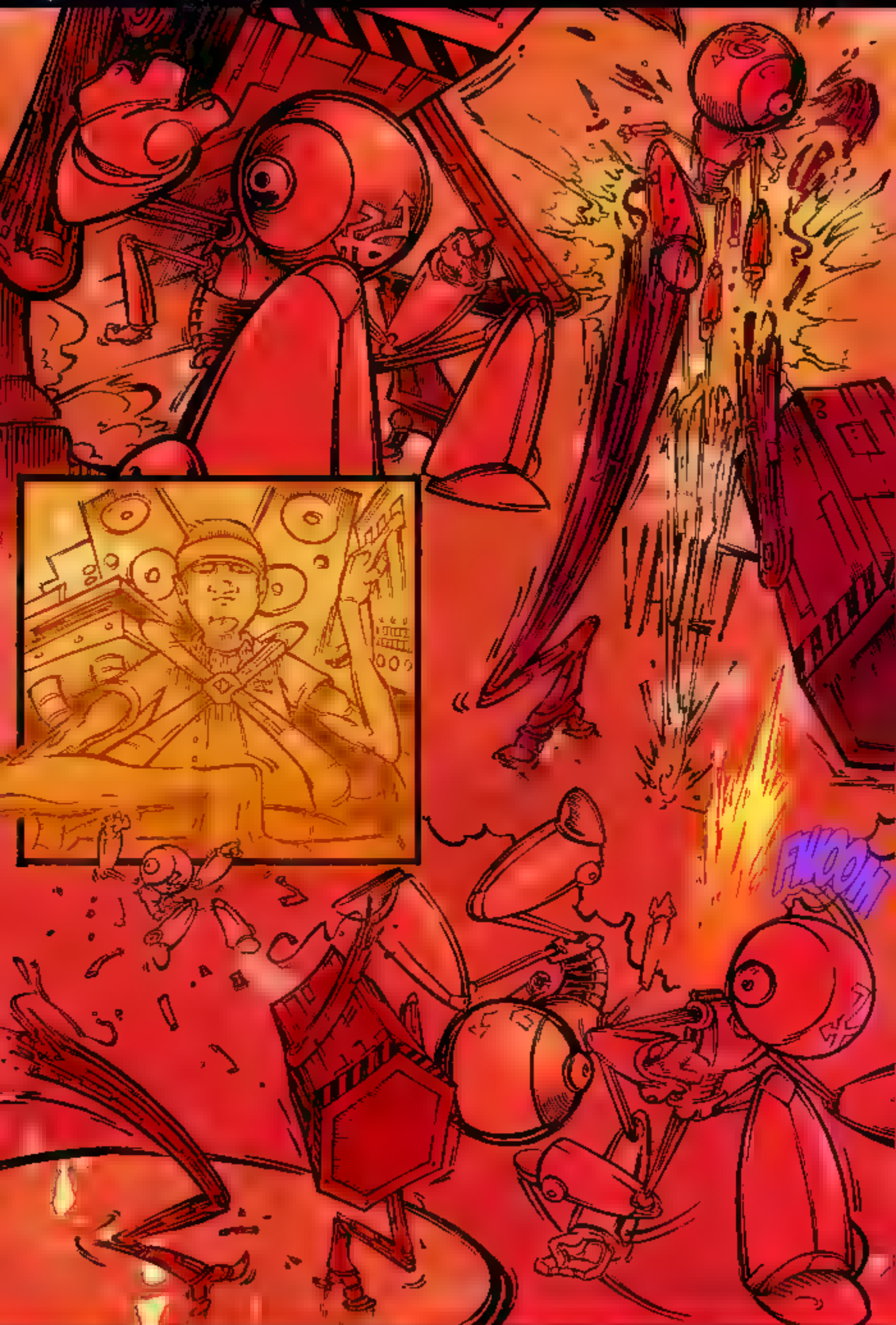

GROOVY
HOTDOGS
DUMP
OHHHHHH... SNA-ZIZZLE. STELTH IS FUCKIN' DOPE! NO WONDER HE'S THE CHAMP EVERY YEAR.
YEAH...
ICE
HEY, KID... I DON'T KNOW YOU. YOU NEW?
OH YEAH, THE ICE CREAM MAN!
ICE
I READ YOUR NAME ON THE BOARD, AND'S LIKE "WHAA?" HA HA, KID, I HOPE YOU DION'T SPEND TOO MUCH MONEY ON YOUR HOPPER! YOU'LL BE SERVED LIKE A 6-COURSE MEAL!
WHATEVER.

PHAT ALBERT
SPITTY-SPITTY BANG-BANG
ICE CREAM MAN
MIX PACK
RHYMEASAURUS WRECKS
ILLSAURY DOPE-BOY
POPE-NECROZILLA XXII
MIX PACK
HEXADROP

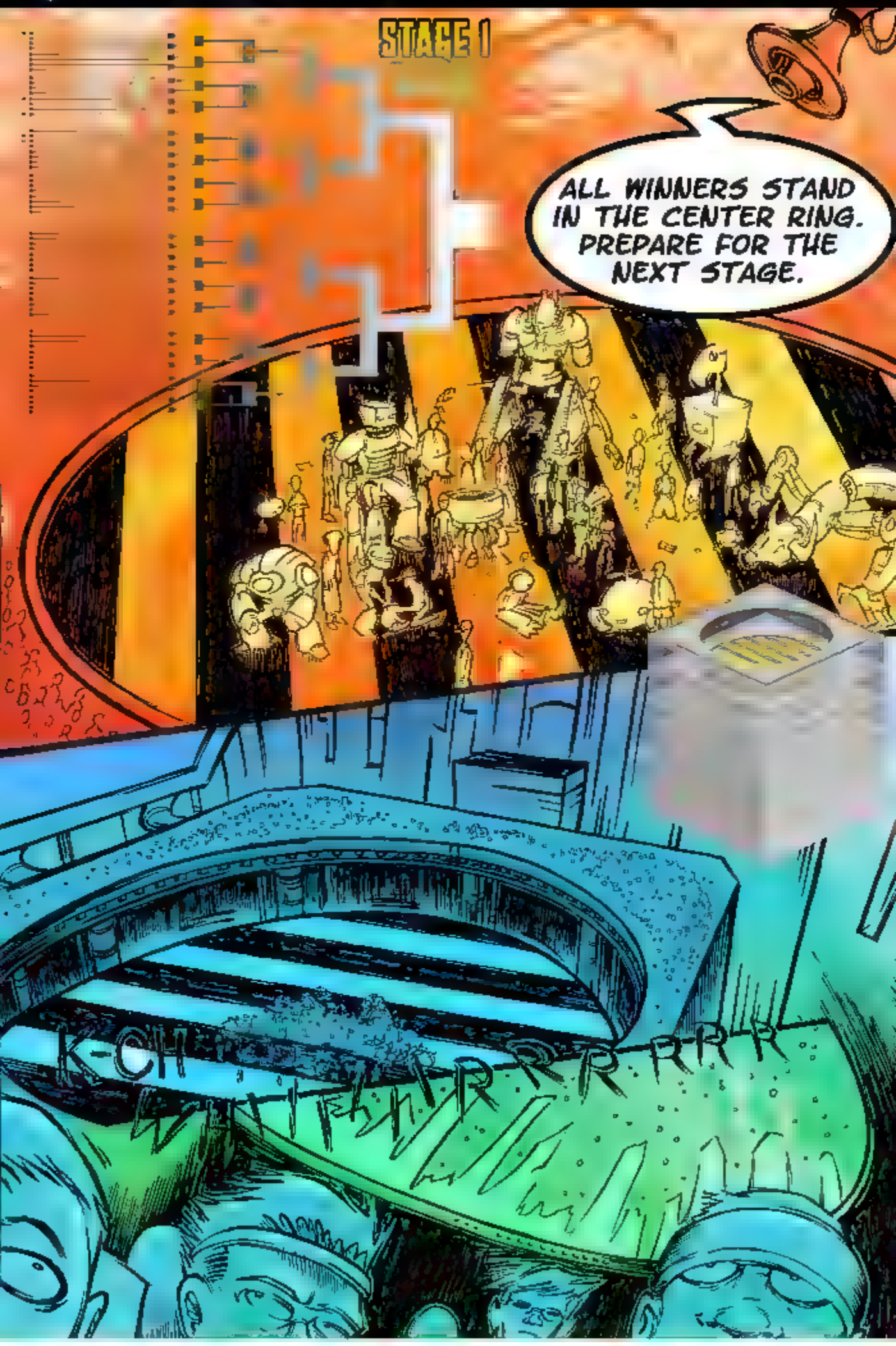
I HOPE YOU JUST GOT SOME COLD BEER IN THAT THAT THING. CAUSE I KNOW YOU DON'TS WANTS TA SNATCH A PIECE-A MIXPACK!
SPRONG
ICE
YOUR FUNERAL.
CRUSH GROOVE


3
2
1
BZZZT!
GROOVE STEEL
KICK IT!
YO-WHEN-I STICK IT INTO YO' CHEST, WITH MY BLADE OF PURE STAINLESS,
AND-WHEN-I STICK SHIT UP WIT' MY GLOCK, YOU KNOW IT DON'T BE PAINLESS.
MY ANGRY STEEL SICS, IN YO' DOME MY BULLETS SIX. WANT TO RAP WITH MIX? KID, YOU MUST BE BRAINLESS.
ZZK
ZZK


GROOVE
UH... MI, MILK IS...
YO LISTEN
MY ICEBOX NEVA AIN'T SPACIOUS ENOUGH FOR THAT COLD CREAMY SMOOTH LIQUIDACIOUS!
IT'S MY WHITE DEBUTANTE WITH A BUMP N' REAR END, MY SPOON'S
AND MY CORN FLAKES' BEST FRIEND!
WHAT YOU HOLLER N WITH THAT BULLSH T YOU SWOLLERIN'?
I SP T UPPER DESTRUCT ON YA BOY'S SOY INTOLERAN'!
WHAT-BLACK
GREAT!
GROOVE
ROYALTY
AT MY KINGDOM, I WAS FINALLY THERE, TO SIT ON MY THRONE AS THE PRINCE OF BELLAIRE!
WHILE I'MA TECH-HOP LORD-KING, YAIN'T FIT TO PESTER A PAWN UP THE ASS OF A BOR-ING COURT JESTER!
SO YOU SAY I CAN'T RAP? BUT IF YOU UPBRAID ME-I MIGHT GET YOU WRAPPED, ROUND A POLE LIKE LADY-DI!
A DIE, YOU'RE ONE SHORT OF A MOTHER FUCKIN' YAHTZEE. I'M IN IT FOR SPORT, YOUR BLOOD-SUCKIN' PAPARAZZI.

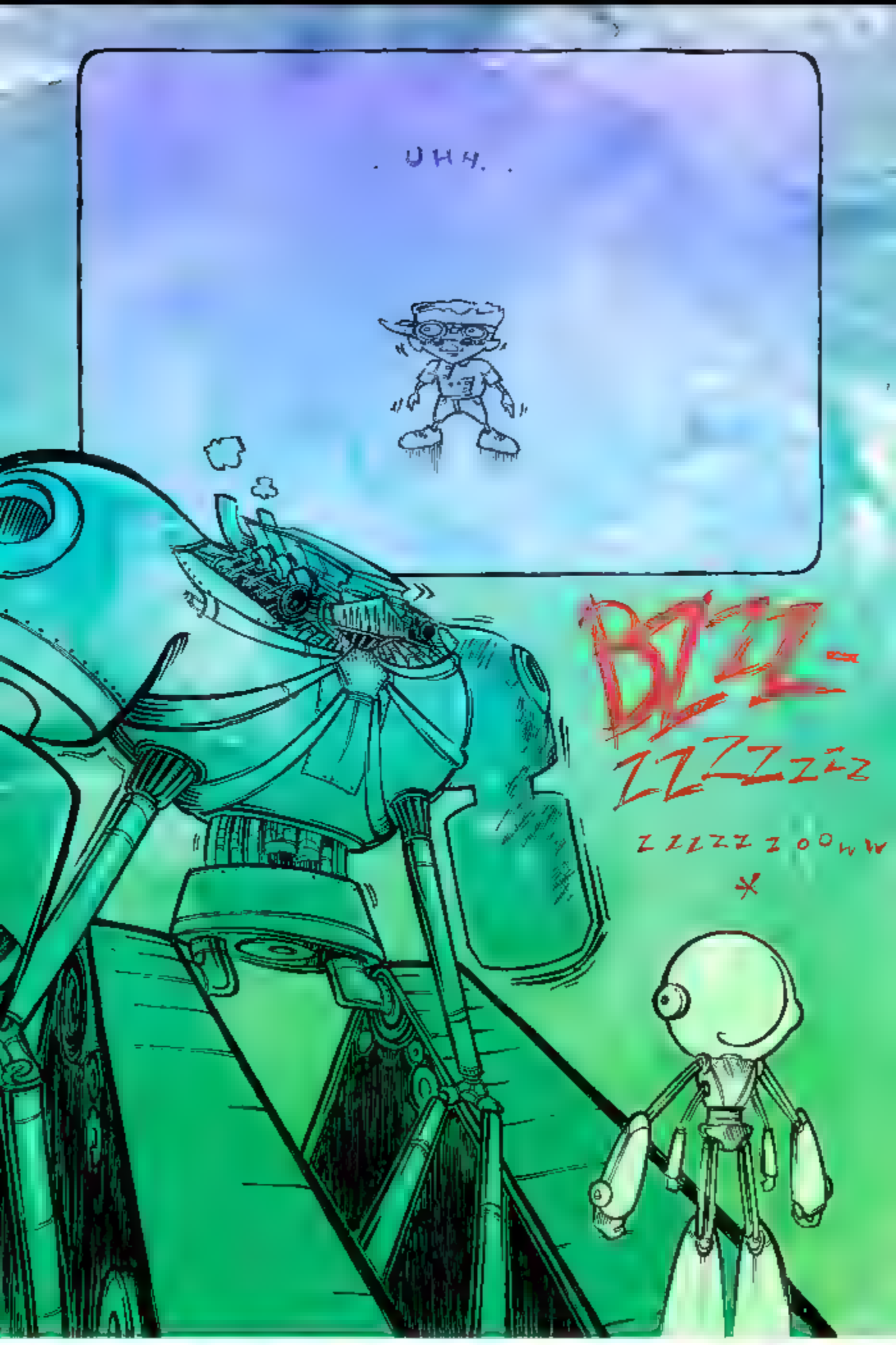

VAULT
FWOOM

SKUNK
POUND POUND POUND POUND POUND POUND POUND POUND POUND POUND POUND POUND POUND POUND POUND POUND POUND POUND POUND
SHIT, THIS KID'S FLOW IS FRIED BANANAS!
CHICKEN-FRIED BANANAS!
WHERE'D HE GET THOSE COMBOS?

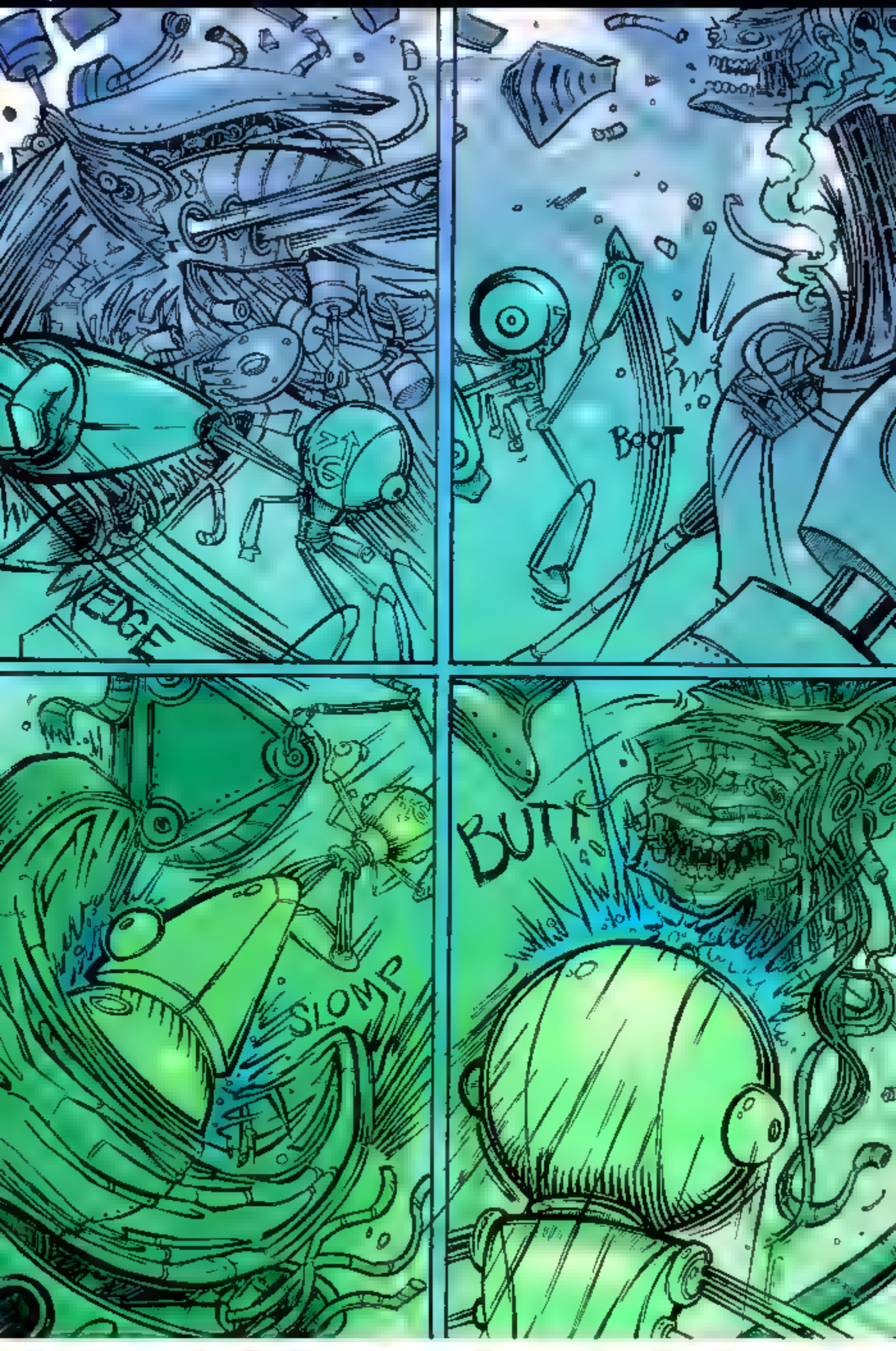

STAGE 1
ALL WINNERS STAND IN THE CENTER RING. PREPARE FOR THE NEXT STAGE.
K-CH
RRRRRRR

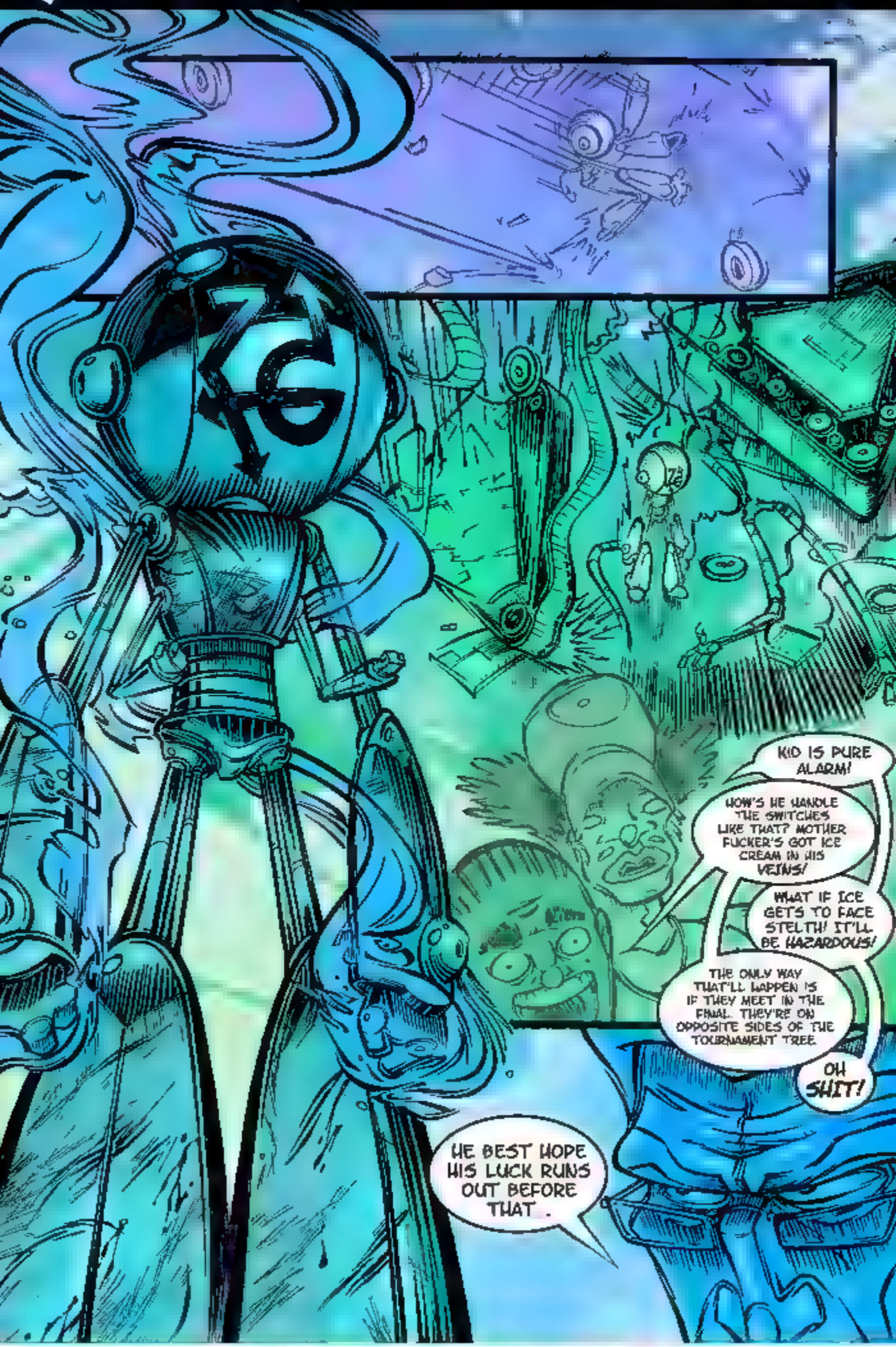
HEY, ICE CREAM MAN STARTS THIS STAGE.
HUH I GOTTA SEE WHAT KIND OF MAD-FLOWS HE'LL BUST OUT THIS TIME.
ICE E CRUSHTGROOVE
FLYSTROBE E DIESELMNOP

FZZZT!
GROOVE PORK
SHADE GLASS
DON'T GIMME NO TONGUE,
DON'T NEED NO SASS!
JUST GIMME A CUTTA YOUNG
TASTY SWINE ASS!
DON'T OBSERVE KIPPUR-YOM
OR OVER-PASS!
BUT IFIDID I'D STILL EAT PORK
AND GIVE UP YO MOM'S...
FZZZT!
SHADE TOOTH
.. UH... CABOOTH!
LIKE CHOPS THE BEST
IF YOU WANNA KNOW TRUTH!
BUT STILL DIG THE LARD
CAUSE IT GOES DOWN SO SMOOTH!
BACON AND RIBS I ...
SHADE FROWN
.. CANNOT REFUTH!
AH, OH FUCK
I MEAN, TURN
THIS LIL' PIGGY WENT ON A
DRIVE-BY, THIS LIL'...
GROOVE CLICKS
...OH... TICK... SHIT!
TICK, TOCK, THE HANDS GO
KID, YOU WHITE, BUT YOU THINK YOU
JUST MATTER-A TIME
'FORE YOU KNOW YOU A
MAKES ME FROWN YOU
TO GO DOWN WITHOUT
AND... AND... RKK!
HE'S BURNIN' THROUGH ALL HIS RHYMES!
HELLZ, THE NIGGA'S SMOKED!

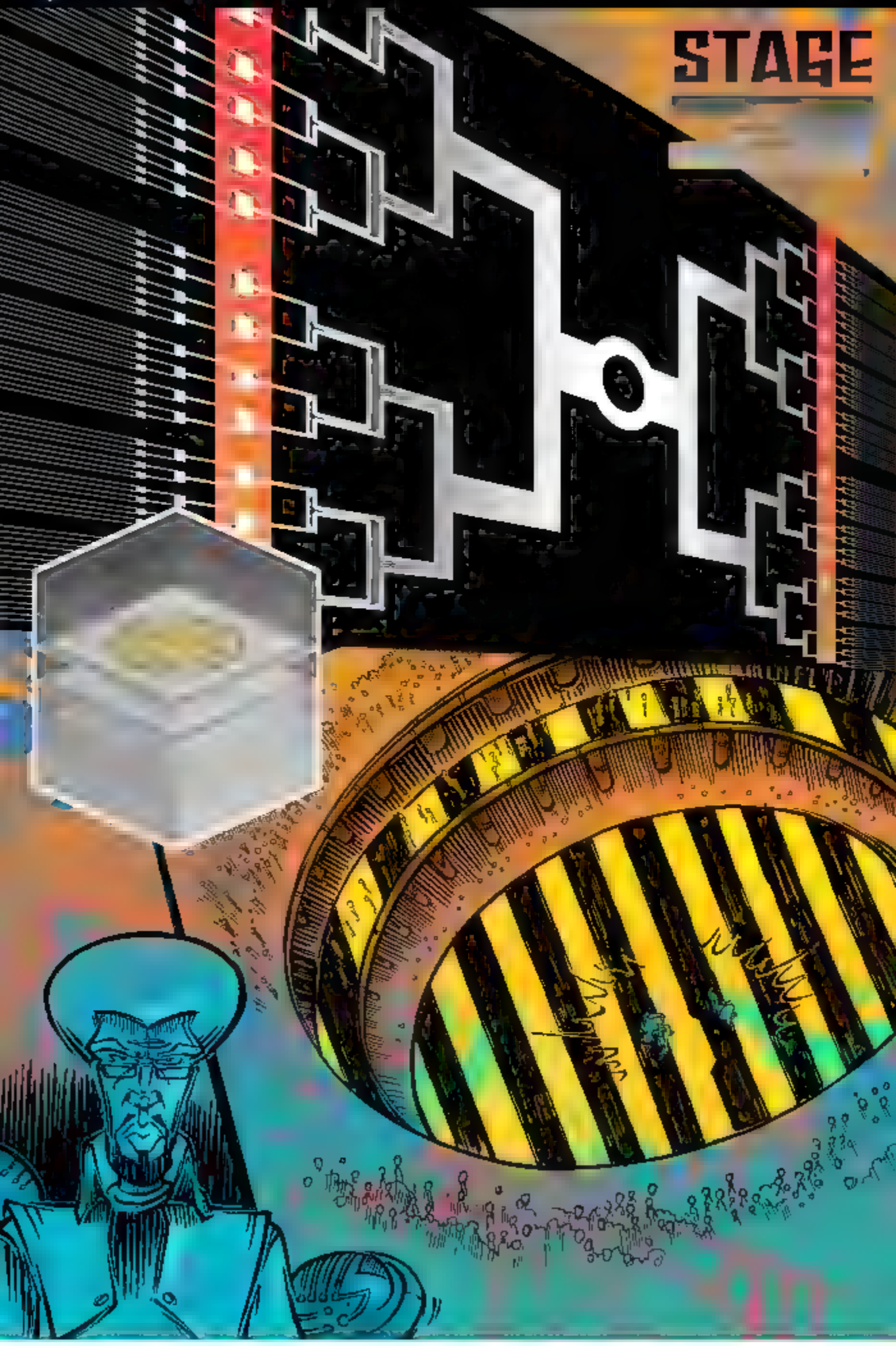

. UHH. .
BZZZ
ZZZZZZZ
ZZZZZZ ZOOWW

S-SOCK
SHADE NATION
THE CLOCK'S WOUND DOWN
ON YOUR RHYMING CONSTIPATION.
BOUT TIME YOU FOUND OUT ABOUT
THE CRED-O-THIS CAUCASIAN.
MY HAND TICKS ACROSS YOUR FACE
LIKE A WATCH IN HYPERSPACE,
IN A WARP DRIVE RACE
WITH A TRICKED-OUT SPACE STATION.
MY HAND PICKS ANOTHER ACE
CAUSE YA DEAL WITH NO WASTE.
I COUNT CARDS, YOU GET CHARRED,
BURNED SO HARD SCORCHED BACK IN TIME,
FORE YOU WAS DISGRACED,
WHEN HAD YOU, WHAT THIS CRACKA' COULD DO,
NO APPRECIAZATION!
MY FLOW IS TIGHT CLOCK-WORKIN'
SHADE TREE
LIKE DEADLY
WON'T NEVER STOP-WORKIN, JUICED BY
RIGGED TO A BOMB, SET TO
S'LIKE I'M PART MACHINE, AIN'T NO
YOU CAN BITCH-N-WHINE,
BUT A STITCH-IN-TIME.
SHADE MASS
... WON'T SAVE YOUR ASS!
WHO WOULD-A THUNK
HOW THINGS CAME TO PASS,
GROOVE SUGAR
I TECH-HOP WITH A PUNK
WHO'S FLOW'S LIKE MOLASS'!
SO CAN I ASK,
IF IT AIN'T ALL THAT CRASS,
WHY YOU BELONG IN THAT SWEETEST OF CLASS,
WITH SIXTH-OF-A-DICK AND A HALF-OF-AN-ASS?

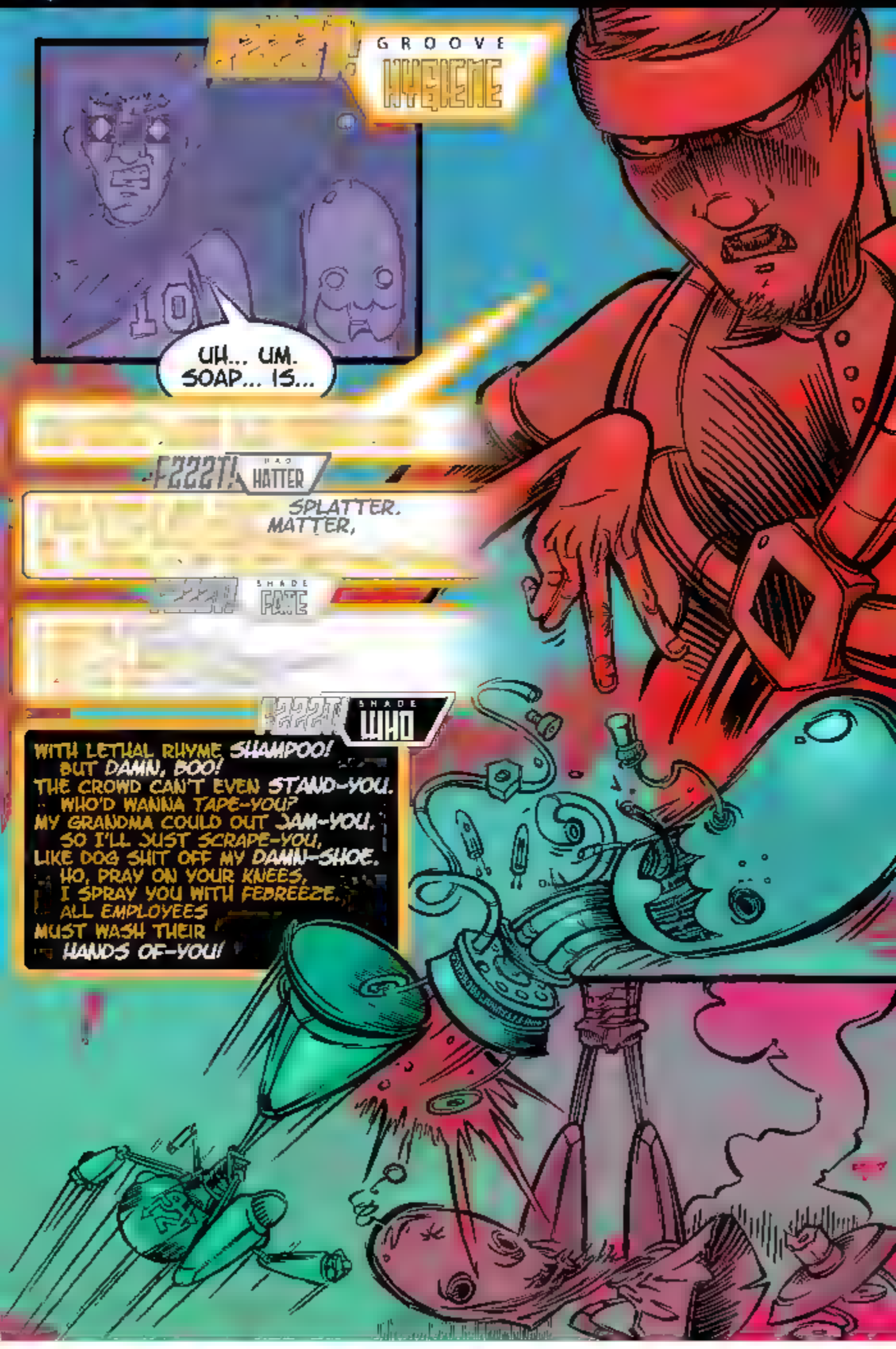

WEDGE
BOOT
SLOMP
BUTT

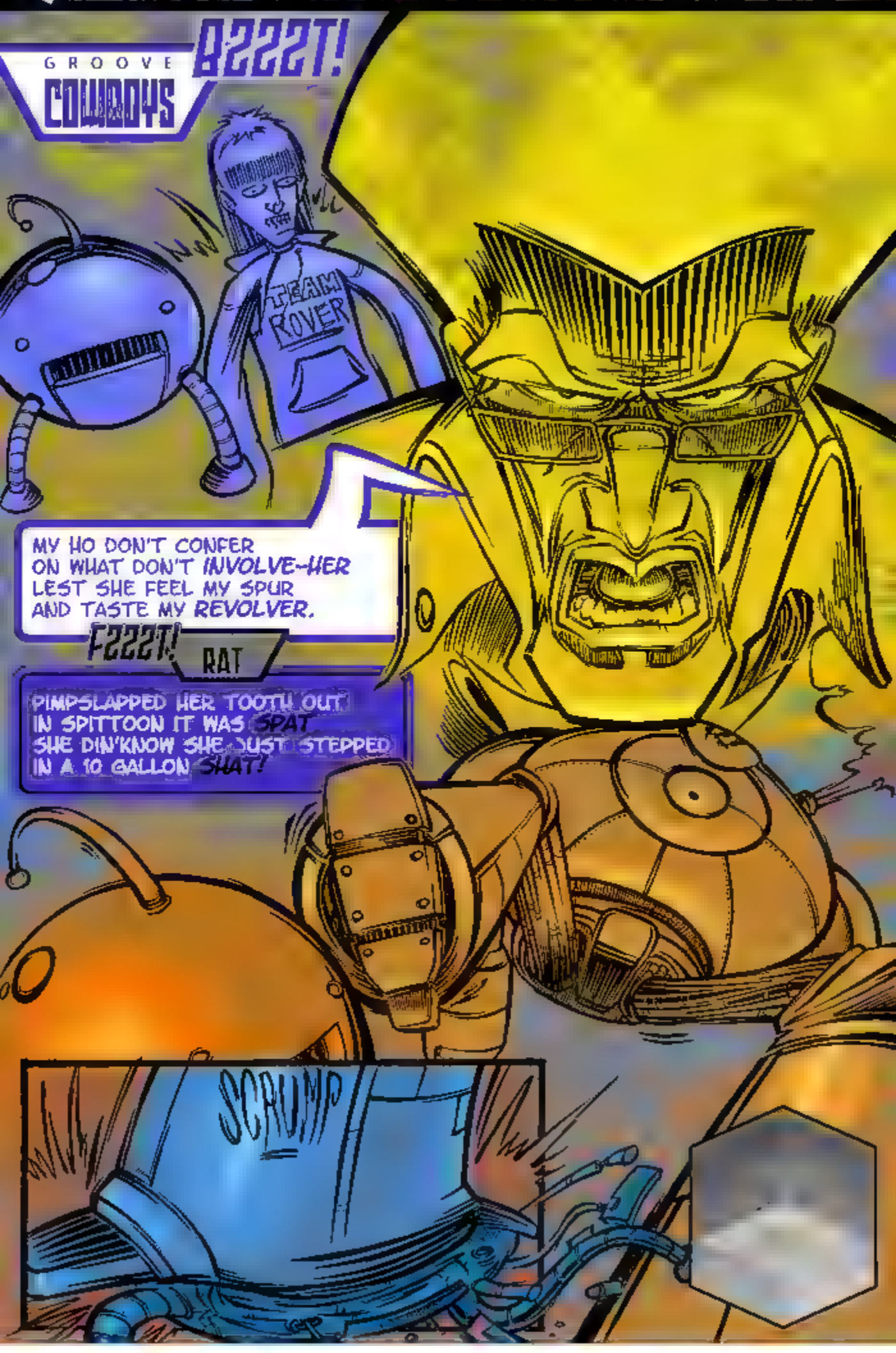

KID IS PURE ALARM!
HOW'S HE HANDLE THE SWITCHES LIKE THAT? MOTHER FUCKER'S GOT ICE CREAM IN HIS VEINS!
WHAT IF ICE GETS TO FACE STELTH! IT'LL BE HAZARDOUS!
THE ONLY WAY THAT'LL HAPPEN IS IF THEY MEET IN THE FINAL. THEY'RE ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE TOURNAMENT TREE.
OH SHIT!
HE BEST HOPE HIS LUCK RUNS OUT BEFORE THAT .

STAGE



BZZZT!
GROOVE
YOUR MELON'S ALL SPASTIC, LIKE YOU SMOKED A BAD STASH ASKED "PAPER OR PLASTIC?" YOU REPLY "CASH"!
SHADE
HIVE
I'M BUMPIN' DISPLAY-CASES AND SPILLIN' MY JIVE ALL OVER YOUR GAY-FACES, CLEAN UP IN AISLE FIVE!


GROOVE
HYPHEME
UH... UM. SOAP... IS...
FZZZT!
HATTER
SPLATTER. MATTER,
SHADE
FATE
SHADE
WHO
WITH LETHAL RHYME SHAMPOO!
BUT DAMN, BOO!
THE CROWD CAN'T EVEN STAND-YOU.
WHO'D WANNA TAPE-YOU?
MY GRANDMA COULD OUT JAM-YOU,
SO I'LL JUST SCRAPE-YOU,
LIKE DOG SHIT OFF MY DAMN-SHOE.
HO, PRAY ON YOUR KNEES,
I SPRAY YOU WITH FEBREEZE.
ALL EMPLOYEES
MUST WASH THEIR
HANDS OF-YOU!


GROOVE COWBOYS
BZZZT!
TEAM ROVER
MY HO DON'T CONFER ON WHAT DON'T INVOLVE-HER LEST SHE FEEL MY SPUR AND TASTE MY REVOLVER.
FZZZT!
RAT
PIMPSLAPPED HER TOOTH OUT IN SPITTOON IT WAS SPAT SHE DIN'KNOW SHE JUST STEPPED IN A 10 GALLON SHAT!
SCRUNP

FZZZT!
GROOVE
HEAT
I'M BREAKIN' ALL REC-ORDS,
ALL YOU BREAK IS A SWEAT!
WHILE I SHATTER TECH-HORDES,
YOUR BLADDER MAKES YA WET!
BEFORE SOMEONE BURNS-YA,
IT BE BEST TO LEARNS-YA
WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH,
THE TOUGH GOING GET!
FZZZT!
HATER
AS I TURN UP THE FLAME
YOU BEG I REFRIGE-YA-RATER,
BUT YOURSELF NONE'S TO BLAME,
SO YOU IMMOL-YA-LATER!
ICE
SKADOOO

STAGE 7
FINAL ROUND
ICE CREAM MAN
VS
STELTH
READY

YOUR RHYMES ARE FLAGRANT, KID. MAD FLAGRANT. BUT YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO GO BACK TO MIXING IN YOUR MOMMA'S GARAGE.
CAN WE MAKE THIS QUICK? I GOT ICE CREAM TO SELL.
3
2
1

FINAL ROUND

GROOVE
FREESTYLE

SHADE
FREESTYLE

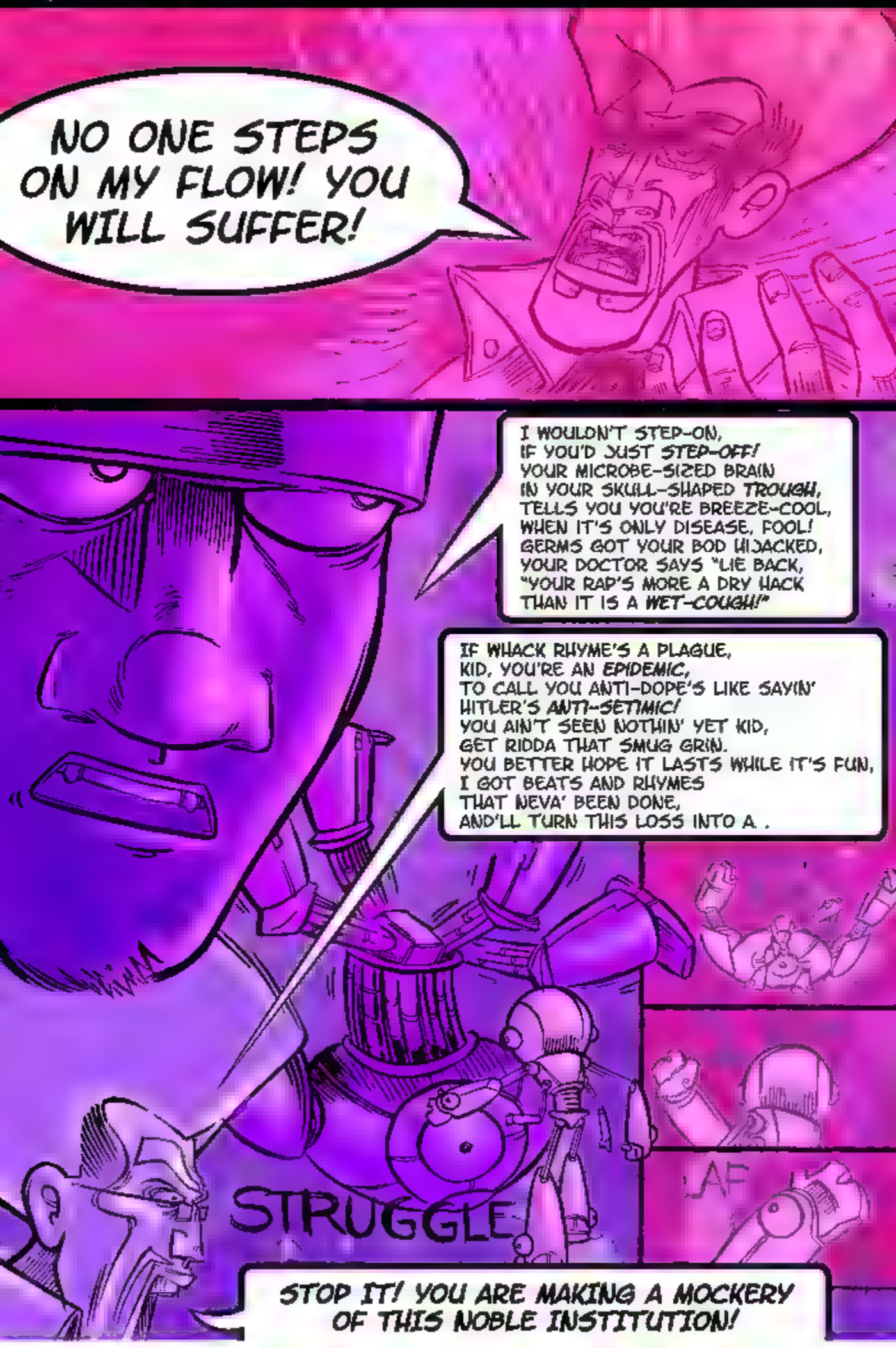
LISTEN, YOU *DAFT?*
DO I REALLY *HAFT-*
TA SHUT YOUR MOUTH FOR YOU,
TO SILENCE THAT *DRAFT?*

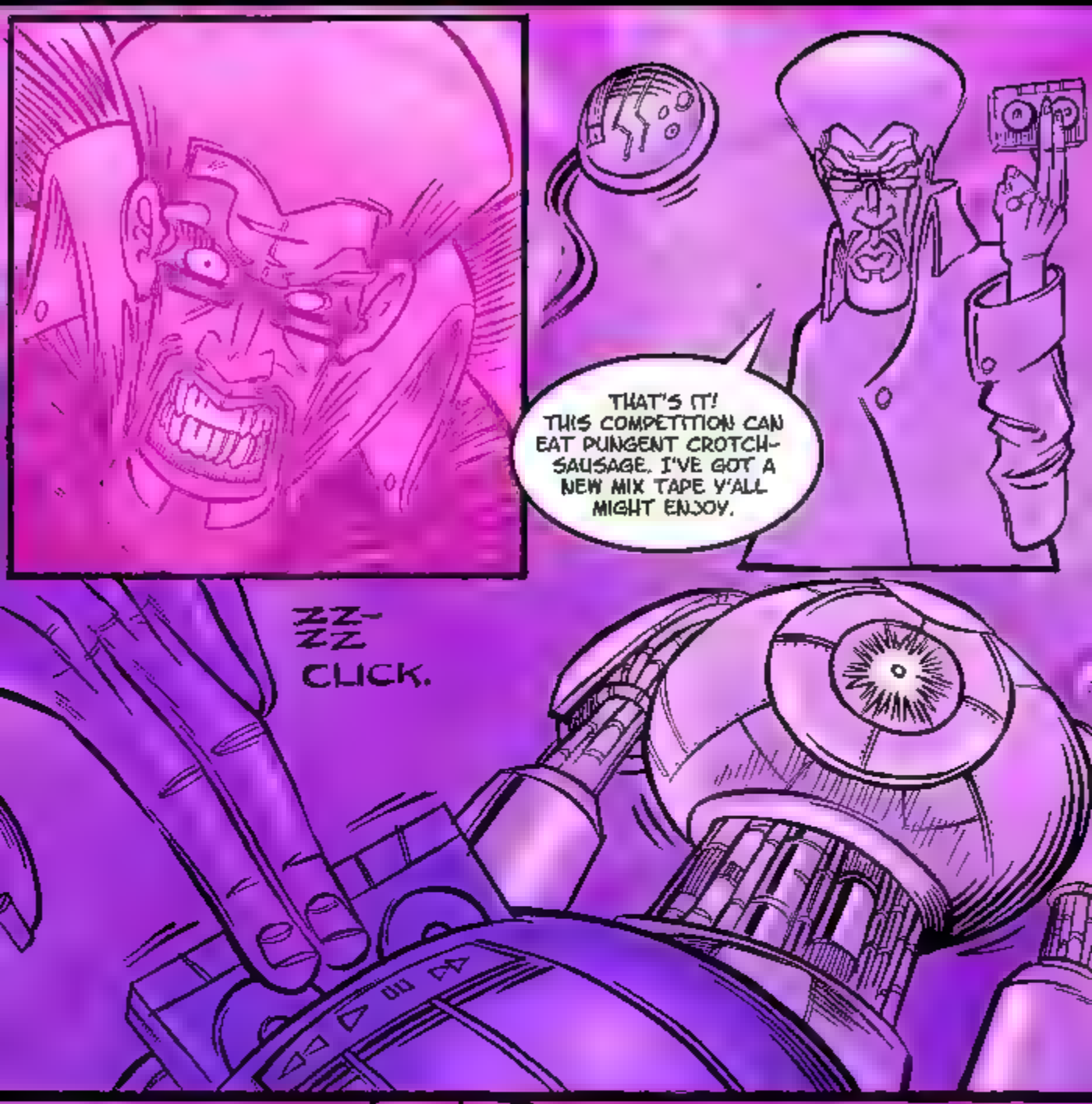
IF YOU ADD UP THE *STUPID*
OF ALL THE STUFF *YOU-DID,*
WOULDN'T MEET THE IQS,
OF THE DUMBASSES JUST BRUISED,
BY THE MAD SKILLS OF THIS *"LUCKY NEW-KID"!*

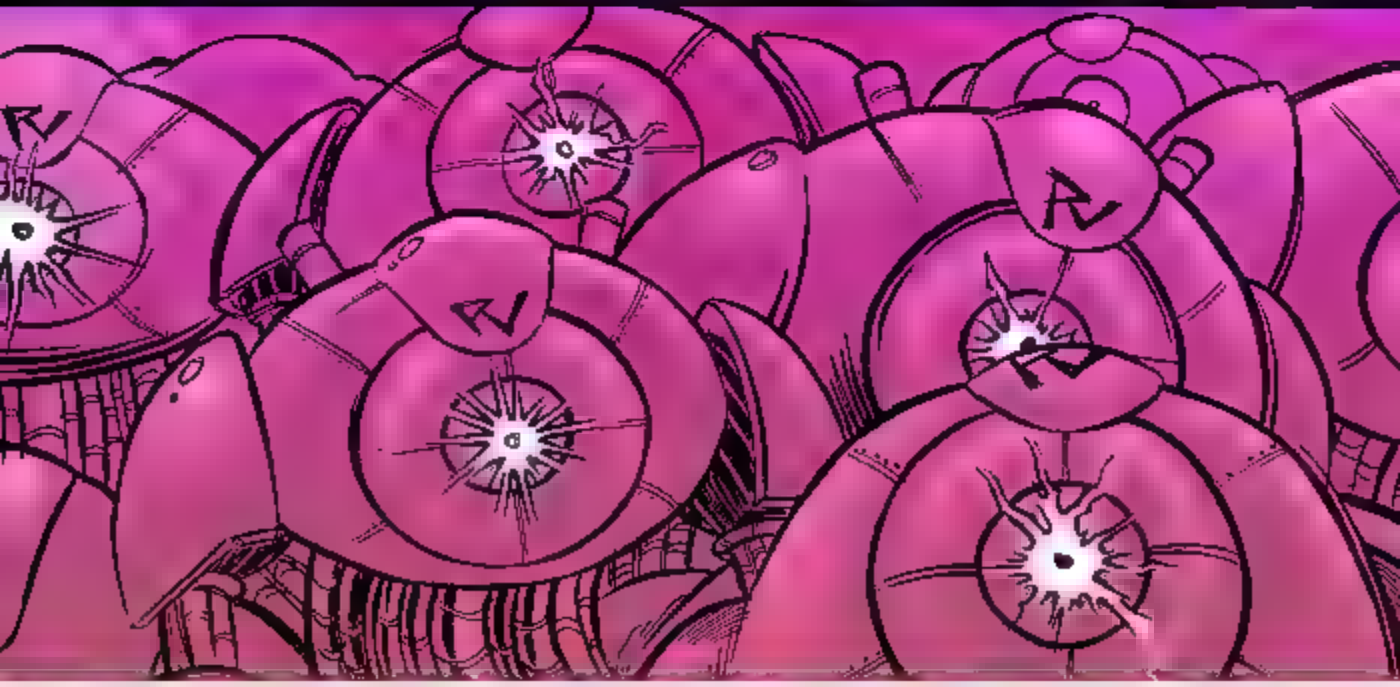
HEY STELTH, WHAT'S THAT MEAN?
YOU'RE JUST A WEALTH OF OBSCENE
RAUCUS AND DEAFENING *BLUNDERS.*
YOUR ASS COULDN'T SNEAK-BY,
OR PASS FOR A WEAK-TRY
TO STALK-US WHILE PASSING GAS *THUNDERS!*

"STELTH"? LIKE YOU'RE ALL QUIET? NO *SHITTIN',*
LIKE SOME COVERT SPY ON A *MISSION?*
LIKE SOLID FUCKIN' SNAKE,
QUIET AS THE WIND INTO WHICH YOU'RE *PISSIN'!*
YA RAP'S SHIT OUTTA AMMO
YOU'D GET YOUR SHIT INTO CAMO'
'BOUT AS WELL'S A SQUARE HOLE
A ROUND PEG WOULD *FIT-IN!*

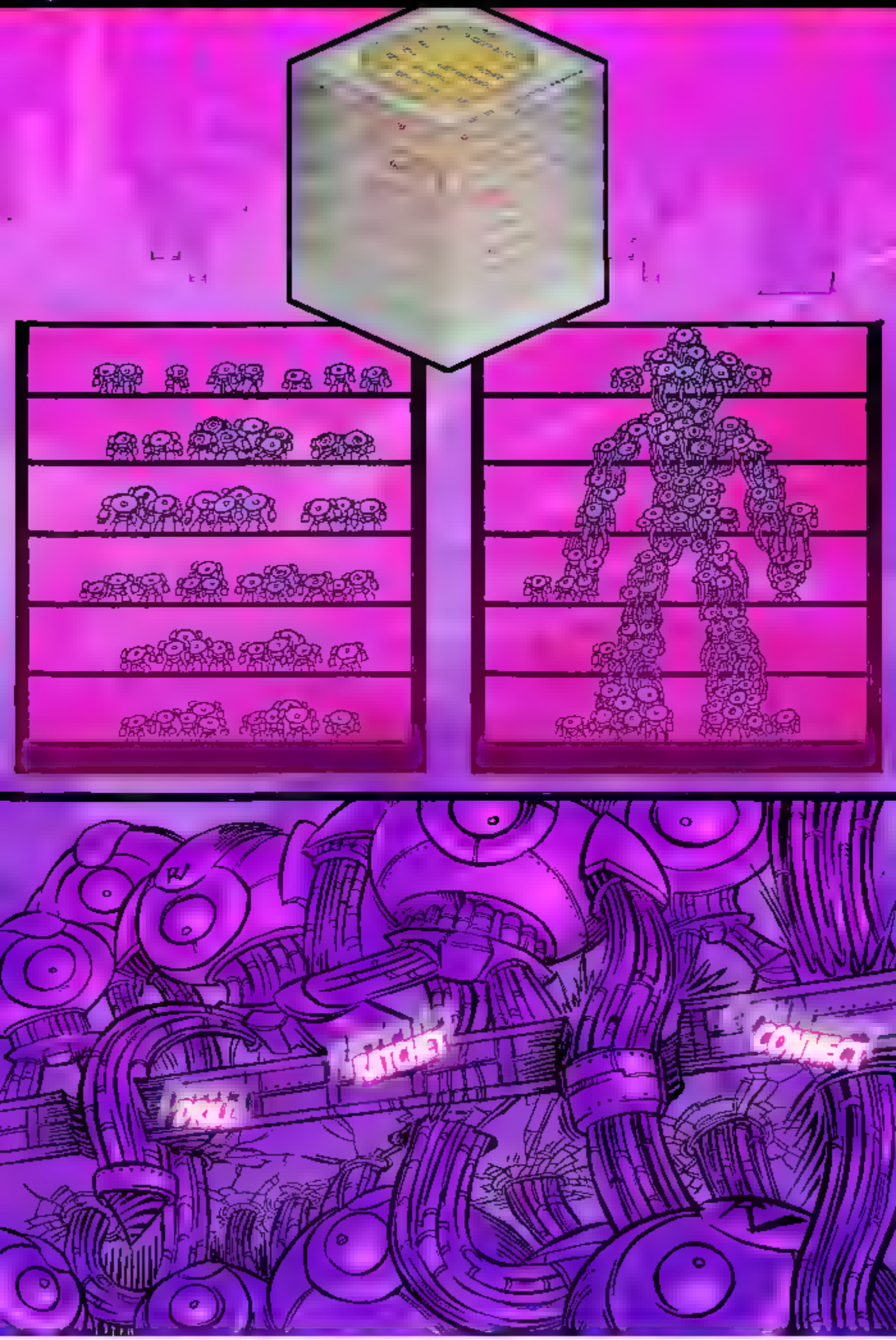
WANNA CHOKE ME FROM BEHIND, JUST TRY IT.
WHATTA JOKE, THINK I'M BLIND? CAN'T DENY IT,
I'D SPY IT WITTIN' A MINUTE,
DEFY IT WIT' THIS RHYME RIOT I'M *SPITTIN'!*


NO ONE STEPS ON MY FLOW! YOU WILL SUFFER!
I WOULDN'T STEP-ON, IF YOU'D JUST STEP-OFF! YOUR MICROBE-SIZED BRAIN IN YOUR SKULL-SHAPED TROUGH, TELLS YOU YOU'RE BREEZE-COOL, WHEN IT'S ONLY DISEASE, FOOL! GERMS GOT YOUR BOD HIJACKED, YOUR DOCTOR SAYS "LIE BACK, "YOUR RAP'S MORE A DRY HACK THAN IT IS A WET-COUGH!"
IF WHACK RHYME'S A PLAGUE, KID, YOU'RE AN EPIDEMIC, TO CALL YOU ANTI-DOPE'S LIKE SAYIN' HITLER'S ANTI-SETIMIC! YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET KID, GET RIDDA THAT SMUG GRIN. YOU BETTER HOPE IT LASTS WHILE IT'S FUN, I GOT BEATS AND RHYMES THAT NEVA' BEEN DONE, AND'LL TURN THIS LOSS INTO A .
STRUGGLE
STOP IT! YOU ARE MAKING A MOCKERY OF THIS NOBLE INSTITUTION!

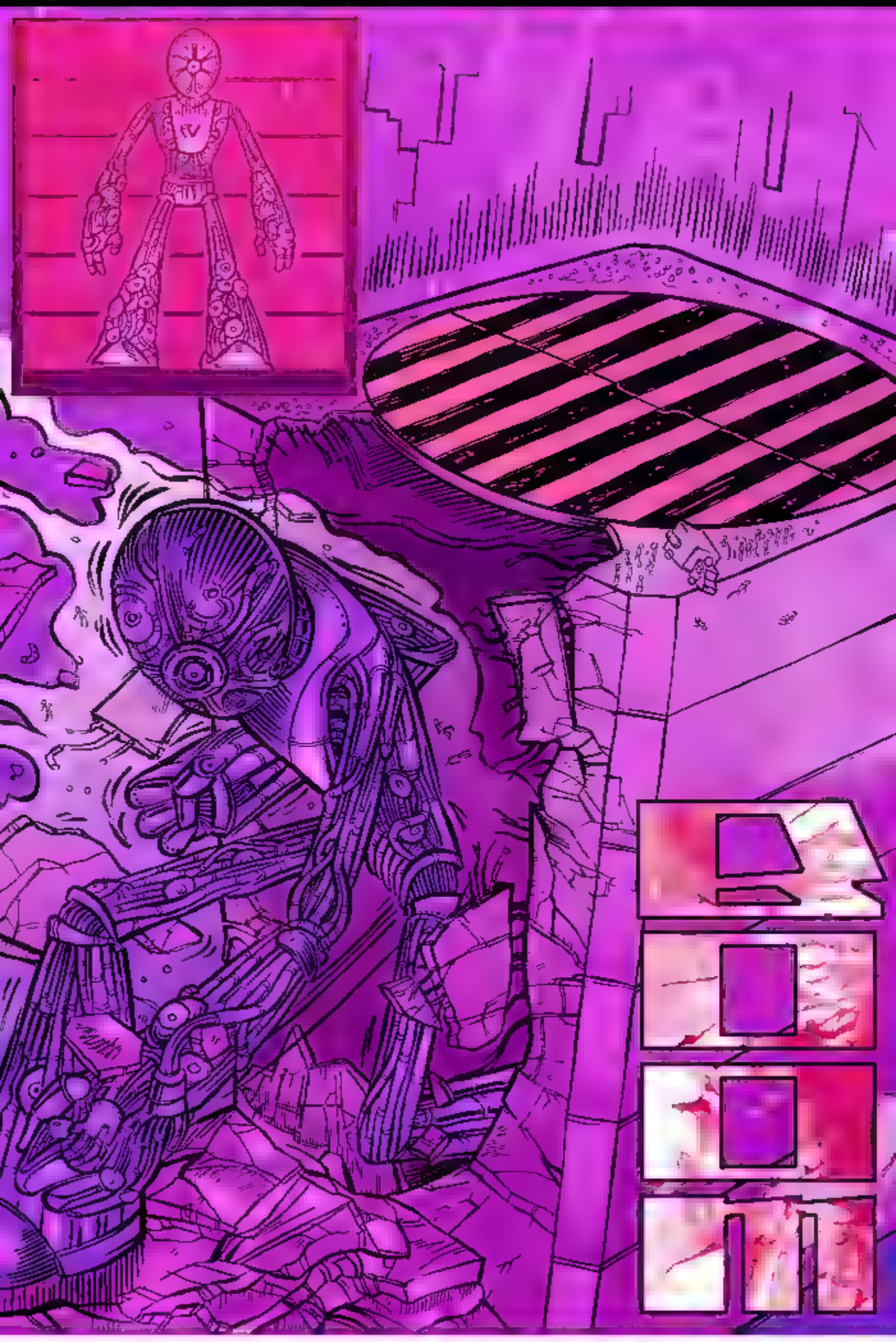

THAT'S IT! THIS COMPETITION CAN EAT PUNGENT CROTCH-SAUSAGE. I'VE GOT A NEW MIX TAPE Y'ALL MIGHT ENJOY.
ZZ-ZZ
CLICK.

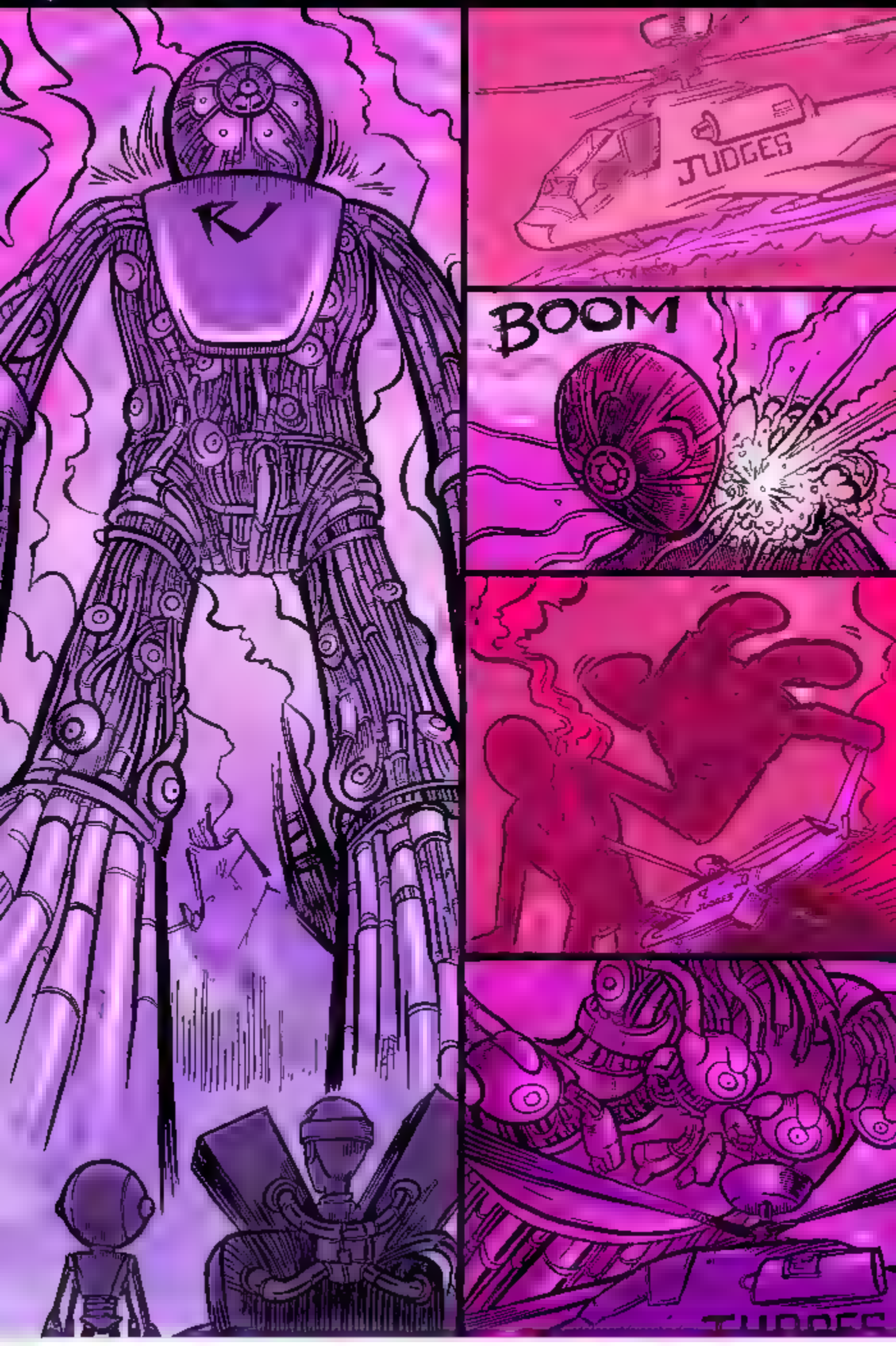


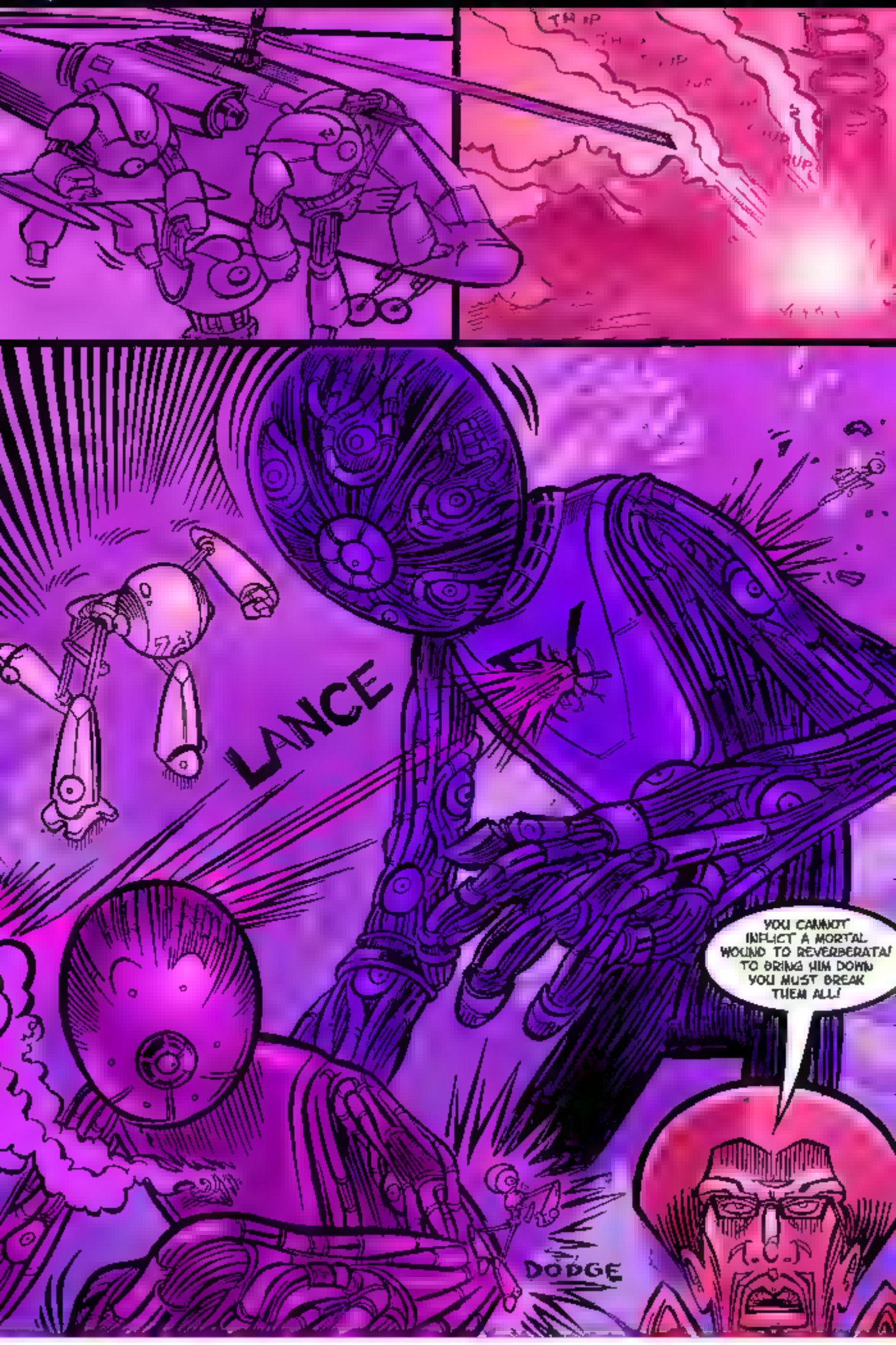
FOUL! OK, LOCK IT DOWN!
JUDGE
JUDGE
JUDGE
LOCK DOWN
SLAM
NICE TRY...



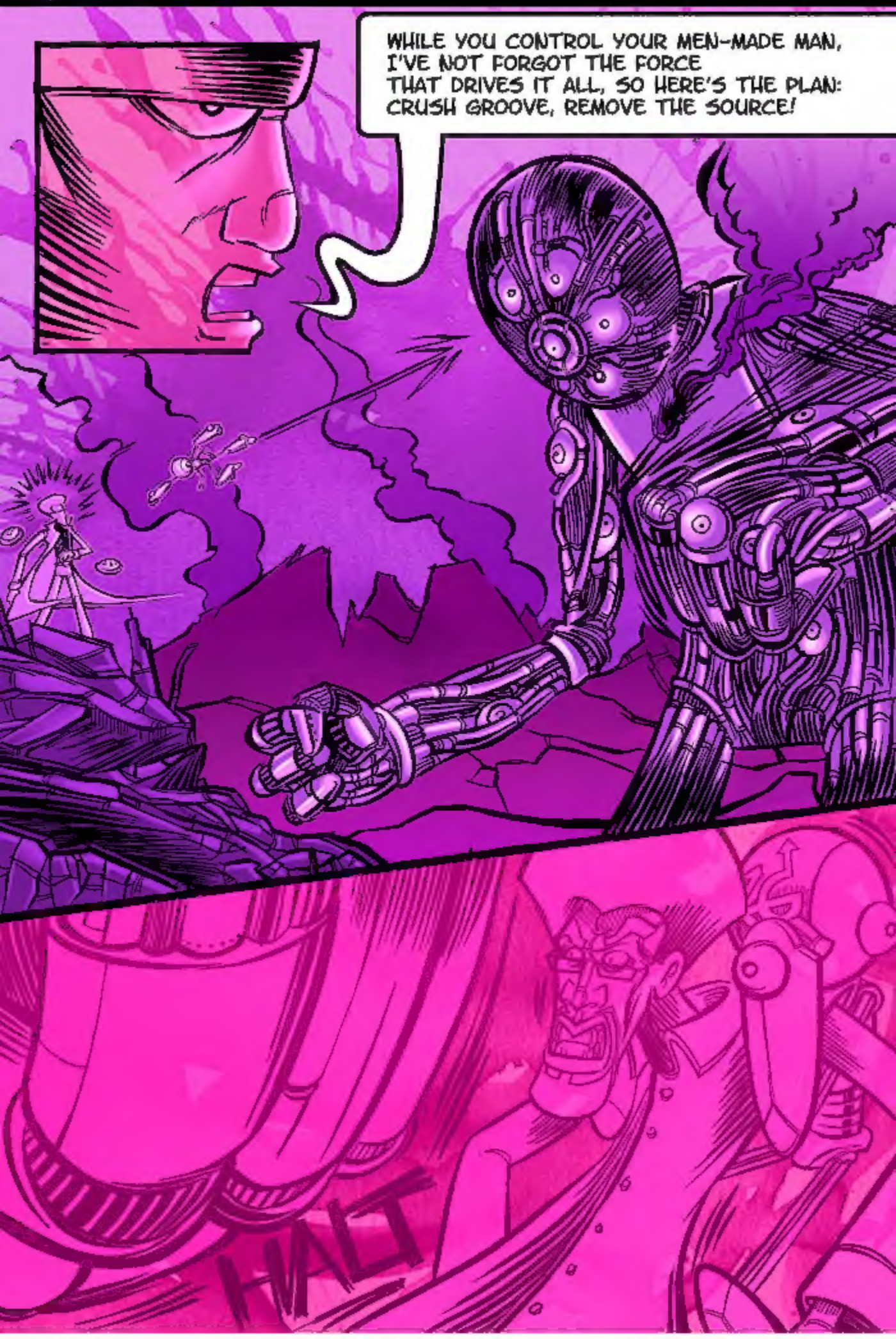
FINAL ROUND

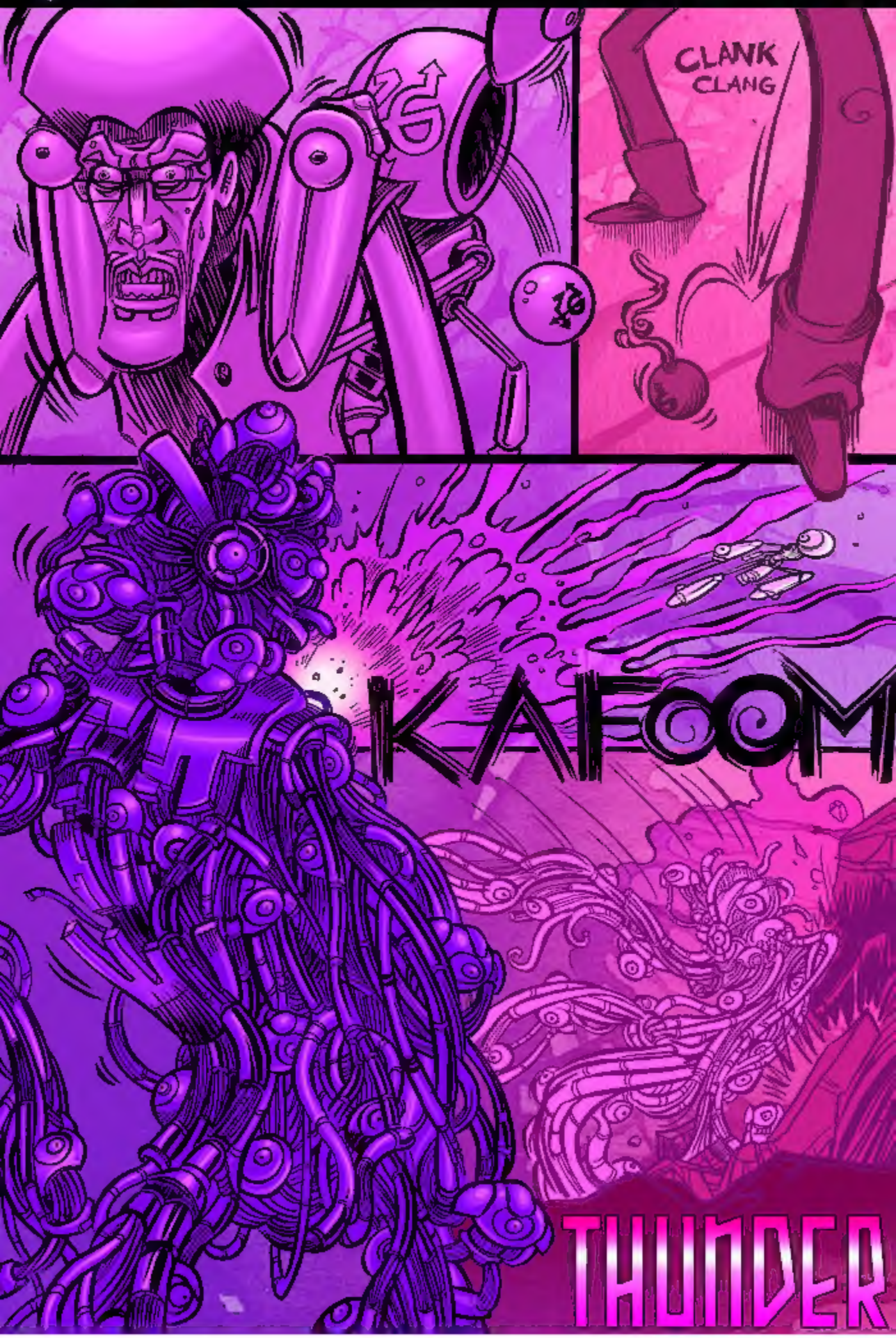



JUDGES
BOOM
JUDGES


LANCE
DODGE
YOU CANNOT INFLICT A MORTAL WOUND TO REVERBERATA! TO BRING HIM DOWN YOU MUST BREAK THEM ALL!

STELTH'S MARBLES AIN'T INTACT, HE'S FAGGED IN THE HEAD. HE THINKS THIS VOLTRON ACT SHOULDA SNAGGED HIM SOME CRED!
STOP RAPPING!
YOUR ANGER IS WHAT BLINDS YA, GRINDS YA MIND AND IT DON'T STOP. THE FLOW OF RHYME'S WHAT BINDS YA TO THE TRUE ART OF TECH-HOP.
THIS IS NOT A TOURNAMENT ANYMORE! CAN'T YOU SEE IT HAS BROKEN DOWN? THIS IS NOW A TRUE ACT OF AGGRESSION!
DOK!
THUD THUD THUD THUD THUD THUD THUD THUD THUD THUD THUD THUD THUD


WHILE YOU CONTROL YOUR MEN-MADE MAN, I'VE NOT FORGOT THE FORCE THAT DRIVES IT ALL, SO HERE'S THE PLAN: CRUSH GROOVE, REMOVE THE SOURCE!
HALT


CLANK
CLANG
KAPOOM
THUNDER

THE END